

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 49](#).)

How long had Severin stood there? It felt like an eternity in this lodge, the scorched ruins of his home slowly crumbling away into the wind, a forgotten memory of the golden age of man. It sounded like an ancient era, a time long past when mankind ruled as gods, reigning from on high over this realm. It seemed absurd that humanity had died nearly a week ago, ground into the ashes of their once great civilization by the talons of the beasts they had slaved to their ambition. *Beasts*. That was the only word for the drakes, ravening rampagers that had devoured both his people's future and their past, incinerating centuries of progress in a single day of destruction.

But he could stand here no longer, bemoaning the past. The lizards that had annihilated his people still dared to darken the land beneath them with their wings. He was sworn to see them plummet to the earth they had scorned. Severin threw an armored leg over the side of Thaddeus, wincing in pain as his wounds reacted to the movement, an agonizing reminder of what torments the beasts could inflict upon their presumed prey. The sword at his side served as an apt assurance that he was by no means the tyrants' next treat, one more mortal morsel to be shoved into their fire and fangs.

With a scrabble of claws on scorched concrete, Thaddeus lifted off at the urging of Severin's heels, leaping from the flame-ravaged remnants of his family, and plunging towards the corpse-strewn streets beneath, many of the remains missing limbs, presumably now resting in a dragon's gullet. Blown-out windows streaked past, each shattered portal granting brief views of the violent vistas inside. The charcoal-like remains of a family, huddled together even in death, chunks of carbonized flesh removed by the predatory pestilence that plagued this world. A corpse with a slit throat, the knife that ended his life still clutched in their hand, a pistol upon the table discarded, useless now that the very fabric of reality had rejected technology.

Severin forced his eyes shut as the wind whipped around him, unwilling to stare into the charnel house that was once his home. The wyvern spread their wings beneath him, the momentum turning their meteoric descent into a triumphant ascension, their lithe, spined body slicing through the atmosphere. There was nothing left to do for the dead but avenge them. The arcane markings upon his faceless helm burned, cerulean flame etching runes along the shining surface as he surveyed the ruins of the capital from above. Overturned automobiles littered the death-choked streets, the burnt husks serving to obscure the mingled ashes of the fallen. Perhaps it was poetic, in a way. The classes and castes devised by mankind struck down, kings and beggars now intertwined in their immolation.

More pragmatically however, thousands lay dead beneath him. Mothers, fathers, sisters and sons. Thaddeus slowly glided down to the roof of a blackened structure across from the charred ruins of the great library, Haniyas' greatest center of learning and knowledge. Now, singed pages fluttered through the wind, the gutted remains of mankind's collective knowledge left unguarded and exposed to the elements. Severin wasn't sure what he expected. All that the lizards knew of science; they saw it in the form of the technology used to keep them contained. Electrified barriers, shock-staves, sedatives,

firearms. Everything they hated and feared had been annihilated in the apocalypse they had created.

He sighed, rubbing his temples through the steel of his helmet. He would give them a reason to wish for those implements of imprisonment back, carving his name into their racial memory in a crusade of fire and blood, and dragging their damned race into the abyss of extinction with him. His mount took off once more, madly flapping their wings to keep the pair aloft as they sought a new horizon. *'But first, lunch.'*

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((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 50](#).)

Severin brought the dagger down onto the thin tin of the can, the narrow blade carving open the container and laying the syrup-soaked beans inside bare. The Drakeslayer pressed the ragged edge to his lips, the baked beans a welcome relief to the growl in his stomach. Before The End, it was a point of pride to hunt for himself, stocking venison and fowl within the larders of the lodge. The ceaseless appetites of the airborne abominations had ceased such a practice, scouring the once-plentiful forests of all life. He grunted as he threw the emptied tin against the wall of the ransacked store, watching as it skittered away into the shadows. Damn the dragons. He had lived an idyllic life: care for the lodge, care for the wyverns, and prepare the hunt. He was the youngest son, there were no titles left for him, almost every scrap already given to his elders. But at least he had purpose, respect, and a place in this world.

Severin stumbled to his feet, wiping the dripping syrup clinging to his rough beard off with the back of his armored hand as he sought out his helmet. He wrapped his fingers around its base as he sought out his wallet, placing several bills on a rubble-strewn counter as he hefted the can-filled sack upon his back. The Georgian honor would be upheld, even in these troubled times. The last George tossed the supplies onto the back of his steed, leaping onto the familiar grooves of his seat shortly afterwards. Claws scraped against the street as Thaddeus built up speed, wings flapping madly as they struggled to achieve the flight that came so easily to dragons. His hands clenched around the reins as his mount crushed the remains of a car beneath their feet, launching themselves into the air, and beginning the long flight home.

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28-year-old Yamato Fujimoto, one of the many survivors of the dragons rebellion, was walking through the streets of the destroyed city, looking for any place that held food inside, such as restaurants or grocery stores. His hair and almond-shaped eyes were black and his skin was really light brown in color. He wore a navy blue office suit & pants with a white dress shirt and a striped regular blue necktie. But these clothes are dirty due to having been wandering the woods for days without a proper shelter. His dress shoes are black and just as dirty as the rest of his clothes. The whole place was devoid of people,

who have all gone into hiding in the wilderness from these scaly abominations that had once been slaves. The man, whose occupation was once that of an office drone, now reduced to a homeless scavenger, had found no one since he came here hungry looking to fill his stomach. Many of the places he had found so far was devoid of the consumable supplies he needed, raided by other survivors like him who needed to feed themselves. Yamato would be lucky if he could find even a tiny morsel of food. He just has to keep on try and hope that he would get what he was looking for.

Just then, he saw a wyvern flying up in the sky. Yamato's heart skipped a beat and his nerves went cold with fear. "Oh shit!" he cursed. Dragons were the number 1 things on his list to be afraid of. He had almost died in an incident involving one of these creatures during the rebellion. Since then, he had been really paranoid of them and the first thing he would do in encounters with these creatures was to run away. Even though he was armed with a knife that he picked up during the rebellion to defend himself, Yamato was no fool to attempt to fight a dragon with a flimsy weapon such as that. The creature would surely overpower him in less than a second. The man ran away like he always did and tried to get away from the wyvern.

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((**Note:** The rest of this story is not canon to the RP.))

Yamato's adrenaline rushed to his head and to his legs, making him run faster and harder to help him escape from winged reptile. He needed to run; he needed to save his own skin and life before that monster eats him. His heart beats faster not just from the cardio exercise his legs were giving him, but also from his fright of his situation. The fear and tension were enough to make the man let out a scream at his loudest volume.

Severin heard what sounded like a man screaming from below. Could it be? Did he just hear a survivor of the dragons' massacre? It has been a while since he has been in the presence of a fellow human being. Severin has been lonely for these past few days, but now today has given him someone he could talk to, maybe even ally with and/or lead to other survivors like the screamer. The thought of seeing other people again was refreshing and gave him a bit of hope that humanity would survive long enough to rebuild themselves from the ashes and once again dominate the fiends that had tried to destroy them. The armored man looked down over the side of his mount's neck to see a running black-haired man. Either the man must have mistaken Thaddeus as a wild dragon or something was chasing him. Severin looked back on the ground behind him, but saw nothing out of the ordinary. So the former was the reason why the brunette was fleeing. Severin sought to calm the man down and explain the confusion. He pressed his hand down on the wyvern's neck and told him, "Thaddeus, down to him." After pointing at the running man, Thaddeus began to descend after the runner.

Yamato kept on running and running as fast as he can. He looked up behind himself to see how far he had gotten away from the monster. To his horror, the wyvern was swooping down after him. The

Haniyan's eyes dilated and his jaws dropped down wide open to release another scream. This can't be happening; he didn't want this to happen. He was about to become food for a hungry wyvern that would burn him on spot and then proceed to eat its lunch. Seeing how fast the creature's wings were compared to his two legs, Yamato would be caught within a matter of seconds. He can't keep running on the street, he needed to escape inside a building. It cannot be just any building for some were broken with big enough holes for the wyvern to get in. He needed a fully-walled building with doors unlocked for him to get in. The skyscraper building he ran next to didn't have any doors on the side he was on, but if he turned around at the corner of the intersection, he will be sure to find them. Yamato rushed towards the corner and turned left around it. But after making his turn, he was met with another form of danger. Before him was a tiger eating a dead body of a girl who looked to be no older than the age of 9. The sight of seeing another carnivorous animal, especially one eating a child for her insides and blood to be seen, was terrifying; so terrifying that the man let out another scream. His involuntary reaction proved to be a mistake as the tiger immediately turned its attention to him. The big black-striped, orange feline bare bared his fangs at him with a growl, making the man quiver and freeze, unable to decide quickly on his next course of action.

Severin saw the man had run himself into the real threat, a tiger. Tigers were one of the many animals that lived in the continent of Haniyas, but this region of the continent was not their natural habitat. It must have been freed from its captivity in a zoo or circus when the dragons rained destruction to the city. Now no longer tamed, the beast was free to hunt anyone and anything it saw, including the man who was unfortunate to encounter it. Severin has to act fast to save this person's life before he gets turned into lunch. He grabs the crossbow from his back and pulls an arrow out of the quiver. Then he latches the arrow to the crossbow and aims it at the tiger's head. He releases the arrow just as the tiger jumps at its prey, letting out a roar as its claws reached out to grab and push down the frightened man who yelped. But the arrow flew faster than the feline could touch its victim. The creature was pierced through its skull and its body fell down lifeless.

Yamato was surprised by the sudden appearance of the tiger-killing arrow that just saved his life. He looks to the side where it flew in from and sees a man in golden armor on the back of the now-landed wyvern he thought was pursuing him to eat. Yamato placed a hand to his chest and let out a relieved sigh. He was glad that he hadn't been in any real danger in the first place until the tiger. The Haniyan thought, *'Huh, it was just a tamed wyvern. Who would have guessed?'*

Severin, having put away his crossbow on his back where he usually keeps, asked, "Are you alright?"

Yamato makes an open-tooth smile at his savior and says, "Yes, thanks for saving my life! I would have been cat food if you hadn't come along." Seeing the armored man before him now made it look like that the former office worker had just walked into a medieval fantasy world in a blink of an eye without him knowing. After all, who even wears medieval armor anymore in this age outside of cosplay and acting? Then Yamato takes note of the hero riding his draconic mount and wonders one thing. He points to the creature and asks, "Say why is this dragon not trying to kill you like all the others do?"

Severin climbs off from Thaddeus's back and approaches the office clothed-man. He answers, "That's because Thaddeus here is my slave. Made loyal by my family's selective breeding of his clan and the chemicals that reduced his intelligence to that of a dog. He's too dim to even understand the events around him or anything his kind tries to tell him."

Yamato looks to Thaddeus, who's just staring blankly at the two humans in front of him. He decided to test out the armored man's fact by greeting the wyvern. He waved his hand at it and said, "Hi." Thaddeus made no response to the greeting. There was no word, no body gesture and no emotional reaction at all. Looks like the armored man was telling the truth, this wyvern was a dumb as an animal. Looking back at his hero, Yamato asked in amazement, "You guys actually did that? Why didn't everybody else think of this? This could have saves us all the deaths and destruction."

The George answered, "Because what we did also shrank the clan's size and removed their magical powers. The other slave masters needed the strength of large dragons and their magic to do the work they can't do."

Yamato suggested, "Well can't they just cut off their wings instead?"

Severin found the man's idea to be practical; a flightless monster is much easier to fight against than a flying one should it rebel. "You know what? They should have. You'd think they would have been smart enough to put that into practice."

The Haniyan said, "Yeah, I guess our stupidity for not doing this was why we all got killed. Guess fate was teaching us a lesson for this." He let out a soft and slow unhappy laugh.

Severin was angered by this comment that he grabbed the office worker by his tie and pulled him to his face. The George's glare was impossible to see, that is if the worker didn't see the eyes clearly through the holes on the helmet. His tone however was obvious as to what he's feeling right now as he yelled, "Do not justify this apocalypse ever!"

Yamato held his hands up besides his own chest in plead for mercy. He apologized, "Okay, I'm sorry! Don't hurt me! I was just saying, that's all." He had just escaped his doom from a tiger and he didn't want to be put in another bad situation this soon.

Severin released his grip on the man and turned away to look down at the concrete ground below him. In a solemn tone, he said, "My whole family was killed by dragons. They were the most important people in my life. We've hunted together, shared good memories, and lived happy lives in each other's comfort." Good memories rushed into his mind, showing him all the pleasant images of his past. His first successful hunt where he slew a silver dragon and his brothers celebrated his victory by making a ton of money off the silver's pelt for the family. All the birthday cakes their mother baked for them. Their graduations from their schools. His family wasn't the best people as his father always favored his brothers before him for being stronger and more charismatic, but they were a team regardless. Severin

continued, "The dragons not only took them, but everything else that mattered to me, to us, to mankind in general."

Yamato felt pity for the man's tragic past. Sure, everyone on this planet pretty much suffered from the dragons, but hearing this man say it like that was enough to make the former worker feel sad for him. "Gee, I feel for your loss there, pal. I lost some people in my life, too. Not my parents though, they're still kickin' and... probably having another one of their arguments, too." His parents' relationship had a falling out in the recent years. It was over his father being a drunk, coming home late and sometimes failing to pay the bills. "But I did lose my friends, they're my coworkers from work. I also had a crush on one of them." He took out his cellphone and told, "Here, have a look at her." He touched the photo app's icon and brought up a picture of a pretty Haniyan woman with a slender body, long black hair, light skin and black almond-shaped eyes. She was wearing a reddish-pink dress with a white dress hat, white heeled sandals, and a white pocket book. The armored man turned to look and Yamato held up his phone to him, smiling and saying, "Isn't she a pretty thing?"

Severin found the woman's beauty to be quite fascinating and admirable. He comments, "She sure does look quite nice."

"I know, right?" said Yamato. "I wanted to tell her that I loved her, but now I can't because she's dead." The moment he said it, tears started to pour out of his eyes. He looks up at the sky and mourns the name of his crush, "Oh Aiko!" Then he hung his head down and started to sob all his sorrows for the dead woman.

Severin's fists both clenched with anger. Seeing the man before him suffering his loss brought him more motivation to bring the dragons down to extinction. He says, "Those dragons need to pay, all of them. They are responsible for our tragedies and the world's." He was going to take on a whole world of them and kill every single one of them, even if he had to do it by himself. He tells the office worker, "Come, we must take the world back from these lizards."

Yamato looks at him as if he's crazy and says, "Wait! You're waging war against dragons?! That's crazy talk! These things are too powerful! And in case you've forgotten, all the guns in the world don't work no more."

The armored man gave him a brief history lesson, "Let me remind you that humans have conquered and enslaved these fiends with swords and sheer numbers before. We can do again, but with a bigger army this time." The idea of leading a group of warriors to fight sounds better than having to fight single-handedly. An army would be faster and sufficient at killing dragons than only one man.

The office worker questioned, "But where are we going to find a bunch of people for that? The military won't help, because the government is keeping it for themselves for their own protection."

Severin scowled at the mention of the government. Damn them for their selfishness in the time of their

people's need. Damn the rest of the world's governments for doing the same. When this was all over, he was going to form a coup and overthrow these useless politicians and replace them with ones who actually cared about the safety of their country. To the worker's question, he answered, "I do not know, but we must find others who are willing to fight. Do you know any?"

Yamato shook his head and answered, "No, the only survivor I've seen is myself. I haven't seen anybody else since I woke up after a dragon attack. I've been trying to survive out here on my own since all the cars broke."

"Then we must find others," the George said. "Get on to Thaddeus, we're flying out of here."

The former worker complied, "Well if you say so. It'd be nice to find others. I've been going crazy being all lonely and using my own hands as people." He smiled in amusement, thinking about how silly it was to use his own hands as puppets to interact with. Not his idea of company, but at least he tried to keep himself from going all the way insane. That along with his cellphone that he used to keep in touch with his parents. But he didn't use it much as he needed to his phone's battery power. They got onto Thaddeus with the armored man taking the saddle and Yamato sitting behind him and holding onto him. At the armored man's command, the wyvern spread its wings and took off into the sky. Yamato looked at the man, since it looks like they were going to be together for some time, he thought to get to know his rescuer. He asked, "Say, I've never gotten your name. What is it?"

The George answered, "It's Severin."

"Severin, eh? That's a weird name," commented the office worker. "I'm Yamato, nice to meet you."